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Title: Caitlin's Journal 1

Author: Caitlin the Pioneer  
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Day 1 -- 'Twas an honor  
to be chosen by Lord  
British himself to send  
back all the information  
that is gathered about  
the new lands. I hope  
that I am able to retain  
mine integrity and honesty  
when reporting information  
for those who read it. I  
can promise only to do  
my best.

CrawWorth has doubts  
about me, but I hope to  
alleviate them soon. The  
others who are going with  
us--Michelle, the ranger;  
Xarot, the Fighter;  
Dresler, the mapmaker;  
and Enas, the mage--all  
seem very secure in their  
roles. Outwardly they  
appear to have no doubts,  
no trepidation, no worries.

I hope that I seem that  
way to them.  
It looks like CrawWorth  
is ready to leave. 'Twill  
be a short trip to the  
cave, and then down into  
the darkness. I shall  
write more when I can.

Day 2 -- The journey  
through the cave was not  
far, and we've now  
arrived on what appears  
to be a new land. None  
who travel with us has  
seen such a place before.  
We are in what appears  
to be a small village,  
though some of it  
appears to be in ruin.

The smell of the area is  
somewhat stale, as though  
the wind avoids this part

of the land. There is  
light enough here to see,  
and we've doused the  
torches that we lit to  
travel through the cave,  
but it's impossible to tell  
where the light is coming  
from. I can not see the  
sun. We have met some  
of the natives, and they  
speak our language, though  
they have not heard of  
Lord British! Imagine that  
someone who has lived all  
their life could not know  
the Lord of all the lands.

They seem to favor the  
same types of dress and  
armor that we wear, and  
use the same weapons.  
We have met shopkeepers,  
blacksmiths, healers, and  
peasants. They speak of  
warring races in the area  
nearby, but are reluctant  
to go into detail.  
Enas pointed out that  
some of the stonework  
on the ground seems to  
be in the shape of a  
spider and a snake,  
though without his trained  
eye, I can make neither  
heads nor tails of the  
shapes he claims are so  
visible.

The peoples of this village  
have domesticated a  
creature, the likes of  
which we've never seen  
before. Tis a strange mix  
of bird and animal, and it  
can be ridden like the  
horses of our land! It  
has a head like a bird,  
though it's eyes show  
much more intelligence.  
Two strong, muscled legs  
stick out of its egg  
shaped body, and it has a  
long tail that runs to  
the ground.

We hope to find out  
more about the warring  
races, as that information

would seem to be critical to the function that we are trying to perform whilst we are here. Some of the natives have offered to guide us, but CrawWorth seems reluctant to accept their help.

Xarot and I have found the food here to be palatable, and Enas has gone to work making preliminary sketches of the riding bird. I noticed CrawWorth speaking quietly to Michelle, and felt an involuntary shudder of jealousy. She quickly disappeared through the growing number of gawkers who have come to see the strangers from the mountain. CrawWorth is calling me over, and for some reason I feel relieved that he is coming to trust me. I'll write again on tomorrow.

Day 3 -- The village was a good place to start, as apparently CrawWorth was able to glean more information than he let on. We made our way out of the village on a small dirt path, and followed it as it winded its way down to a river. We crossed the river on a man made bridge and Michelle commented that they did a good job with the woodwork.

We've seen another creature, which very much resembles the riding birds from the village, although this one appears to be a very deep green in color. Xarot says this is to make it easier for the beast to hide drawing.

